

# EDITORIALS

## Safety Disregarded

Callous disregard for the safety of nearly 200 school children forced to cross one of the Southland's hottest drag strips to reach their school each day has mothers of the Meadow Park School area up in arms again this week.

Children living in the home development south of Sepulveda Blvd., east of Hawthorne Ave., are forced to cross Hawthorne Ave., at the busiest traffic periods without benefit of school warning signs, yellow cross walks, or a speed limit. Cars can slam through the area at a legal 55 miles per hour.

Efforts of local school, parent-teacher organizations, and other groups to alleviate the peril at the intersection of Hawthorne Ave. and 230th St., adjacent to the Meadow Park school, have accomplished nothing. Torrance police are handcuffed on the matter because Hawthorne is a state highway and the city can not touch it. They can cite a driver for traffic violations only. If an auto runs over a school child, the driver might be subject to a citation for failure to yield the right of way.

In the meantime, the State Division of Highways, which had jurisdiction over the intersection, says the traffic at the intersection doesn't warrant signals and that a yellow crosswalk can not be provided because the school property does not abut the highway. It is more than 25 feet away.

We believe that it is time for the state to cut down on the nit picking and buck passing for a while and get busy on plans to safeguard the crossing of the 200 children a day at the intersection. And the officials had better get a move on, too.

Mothers of the area now are providing a safe crossing by forming an arm-to-arm chain across the highway and halting all traffic. One crossing guard can not do it. If a solution isn't found soon, many of the mothers have indicated that they will take their children out of school. The peril of crossing the state highway is too great, they say.

So far, however, the lives of 200 children is not a great enough factor in the minds of state officials to justify measures to slow down traffic.

That's where the HERALD disagrees violently. And it will continue to disagree until something is done.

## The Basis of Prosperity

There's an industrial plant on the edge of a residential district. It is surrounded by a wire mesh fence with a bit of formal landscaping greenery, mostly lawn and hedges. Maybe it manufactures "nuts and bolts or something like that."

Think, and you can probably picture one like it in your own Torrance neighborhood.

Perhaps no one in your family works there, nor do any of your friends, for it's not too large a plant. It employs about 100 persons. It's similar to many other typical American factories of which the home folks are never really aware.

But that typical factory is basic to Torrance's prosperity and to your life. According to a U. S. Chamber of Commerce survey, which covered reports over a 10-year period, that small factory, besides its 100 jobs, causes 74 other jobs to be created, such as service station attendants, sales clerks, bank tellers. These people you really know. Because of the 100 factory jobs, there are four more retail firms, retail sales are increased \$260,000 per year, personal income rises \$590,000, and bank deposits go up \$270,000.

It's a mighty lucky community that can boast of industrial plants at the edge of its residential districts.

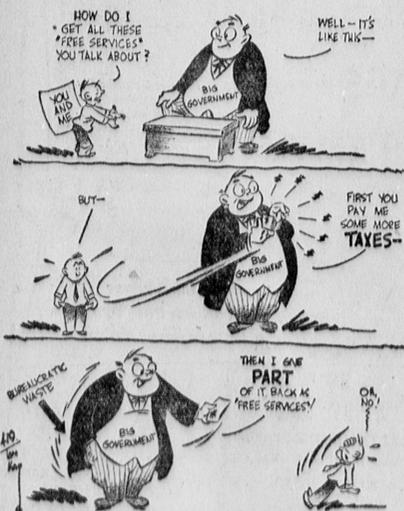
## Torrance Going Dry

In a few days, Contractor Steve Rados will begin tearing up Torrance streets, starting with Cabrillo Ave., to install a new storm drain.

The project is going to make one heckuva mess in the downtown area for several months, but the result, in this case, should justify the inconvenience. Rados promises to do the work with the least amount of hindrance to traffic.

We might suggest that motorists start looking for alternate routes through the downtown area, keep the old chin up during the construction period, and think of the good it is going to do.

## THE AMERICAN WAY



The Big Take

## Effect Of TV On Education



## Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

If all our automobiles were placed end to end on a dangerous curve, you'd always find some darned fool trying to pass them... Uncle of mine was very upset when someone called him a liar. But he really got mad when the fellow proved it.

Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, pastor of New York's Marble Collegiate Church, said: "We've become so keyed up and nervous that it is almost impossible to put people to sleep with a sermon anymore..." Let's wife may have looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, but she had nothing over modern from inline drivers who can look back and turn into a tree.

It happened in an elevator. The operator said to a proud mother: "You have a very handsome youngster," and the annoyed little boy piped up: "She knows!"... Patloppater: "The trouble with him is that he's in the chips but he keeps them on his shoulder." Know what I don't like about reviving all those old-time tunes, you can't tell a person's age anymore by the tune he whistles.

Things may be tough in Hoboken, but you can still get something for a nickel these days—five pennies... Ask any visitor—his biggest short-coming is his long-staying... Uncle Sam is thinking of asking us to report our income tax orally. Seems that folks find it harder to tell a fib than to write one.

Vance Randolph repeats Bob Burns' story about a hog that rooted out and swallowed some dynamite sticks hidden under a ledge. An ill-tempered farm-hand drew back his foot, kicked the animal, and pow! there was a terrific explosion. "The man was killed, the roof

of the cabin splintered to pieces," explained Burns, "and for four days the owners of the farm had a mighty sick hog on their hands."

Just to prove that you can fool some of the people all of the time, a young shapely girl stood on a busy corner and rattled coins in a tin cup. A few passing women dropped some money into the cup but there was noticeably a heavy preponderance of men who sized up the pretty girl, smiled affectionately, and dug deep for some generous donations. But nobody paid any attention to the sign on the girl's tin cup which read: "Give! I'm Tired of Working! I Need a Mink Coat!"

Then there was the business man who phoned his wife and said: "Darling, I'm sorry, but I'll have to work late again tonight," and when his wife said: "That's alright, honey, I really don't mind it one bit," she clomped up and down on the receiver hook and yelled: "Operator! Operator! You gave me the wrong number!"... Did you hear about the man who was hooked on dandy, delicious, dill pickles and when his doctor warned him to eliminate all spicy items he immediately canceled his subscription to Esquire Magazine.

The troubled husband had been walking the baby all through the night when suddenly the telephone bell shrilled loudly. He answered, listened intently, and then yelled at his sleeping wife: "Seize Al Brown says he's just back from two years overseas duty, and he wants to know if you're doing anything to-night!"... Top this telegram error if you can. A wife received the following wire from her out-of-town husband: "Having wonderful time. Wish you were HER."

Busline conversation—Movie Fan: "Jane Russell became a big star only because a major studio was behind her." Movie Fan Number Two: "It wasn't what was behind her." Asked the bartender: "What would you like to drink to?" Answered the man who had just canceled his membership to Alcoholics Anonymous: "To four o'clock in the morning."

Anytime that you are annoyed by a person who is trying to impress you with his or her importance just remind that person about the fly who looked back while riding in the rear of a two-ton truck on an unpaved country road and remarked: "What a lot of dust I'm kicking up!"

I'll never quite be able to understand why so many of our children get such poor marks on their report cards and yet they have the nerve to look so darned bright... An amateur gardener we know insists on planting his radishes in bunches, instead of rows, because that's the way he buys them at his local market... Things I've never seen: A psychiatrist rushing down the avenue with a couch tucked under his arm for a house call.

And while we're on the subject, how about three cheers for Waiteria cafemam Jim Whitmer who has been talking off quite a bit of time from his own business to break in the new grill at the station. "These things have to be started right, or they'll warp," Jim claims. He heats the grill to a certain temperature and treats it with grease and punice. Claims that when he's through the grill will last as long as the brickwork in the station.



## The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Like other specialized crafts and professions, the jet pilots (flying jockeys) who do their flying from the deck of an aircraft carrier, have a language of their own. And, according to the current issue of the Skyline, employ magazine of North American Aviation, Inc., the Naval flying language is a pepperone.

To the average landlubber, it might seem a little startling, Skyline reports, to hear that after a swabbe two-blocked the fox pennant, the cat man gave a yellow-bar the two-finger windup on the slingshot.

Actually it is simple and to the point: A sailor ran up the signal flag indicating flight operations and the catapult officer signaled a pilot, an ensign (yowhachar!), to run his engine up to rated take-off power preparatory to being launched from a catapult.

The Skyline explanation of the salty jet lingo has been illustrated by Tony Miller, but that doesn't help much when you read that a pilot might get a burble in the stack wash riding up the groove on a slant-deck which could conceivably cause him to auger in on the fanfall and become a candidate for the Hot Pop. We find that it means the pilot might feel the plane buffet when flying through the ship's smokestack on his landing approach to a carrier with a catapult deck and that it might cause him to crash into the stern of the ship, necessitating rescue by an abestosaid fireman.

And so it goes. For us, we stick to the turtles, chases, slugs, liners, pigs, reverses, half-ton, and dummes of the newspaper business.

## The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ, Herald Staff Writer

Anybody who was listening might have heard plenty of sighs yesterday morning.

Since yesterday was the first day of school, the sighs were generally of five types:

1. The parent, who is a veteran of many school years, heaved a sigh of relief that Junior was out of her hair, the jam, the cookie jar, and off of her back, the antique lamp, and the rickety house in the backyard tree.

2. The parent, who took her offspring to school for the first time, breathed a sigh of mingled sadness and joy. She was fearful that the teacher wouldn't understand Johnny or that he might not get along with the other kids. At the same time, she was bustling with pride because she knew her Junior was going to outshine all the other kids in his class.

3. The teacher, who enjoyed a summer of relaxation, breathed a sigh of resignation, as he realized that he was again about to shoulder the responsibilities of some 60 parents. This is quite a load for anybody.

4. The school administrator, who has been ripping out his hair all summer as he watched the stork hovering over Torrance, breathed a sigh of desperation, as he studied where to place all the newcomers in school.

5. The youngsters themselves, who spent a carefree summer, heaved a sigh of woe as they exchanged their swim suits for history books. At the same time, some were glad, as they turned in their picks and shovels from summer jobs for football suits and shoulder pads.

While all this was going on the city's builders wished to complete three new school buildings, and architects pushed plans to house the city's ever-expanding school population. At the same time, the builders of homes were rushing to complete their offerings so that people could move in, settle down, and have more children. It's a vicious circle.

The stork, who is new here, continued making his daily run back and forth to local homes, insuring that the schools will be fuller in five years than they are today. The back-to-school cycle is one that's repeated every fall and the away-from-school cycle brings the same reactions in reverse. Both bring sadness, gladness, anticipation, and apprehension.

'Round and 'round it goes, and where it stops, nobody knows.

## THE MAIL BOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of fact and good taste. Letters should be kept brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of The Torrance Herald.)

### Aid Appreciated

Editor, Torrance Herald: We know you, will agree that the response on the part of the people of Torrance to the Red Cross flood disaster appeal was remarkable.

Unquestionably this "flood of dollars" is due, in large part, to the paramount role your publication assumed in bringing this urgent appeal to local doorsteps. Your consistently outstanding support has always been appreciated, but this time, you have extended yourself in helping Red Cross meet the immediate and long-term needs of our American neighbors in the East, who have suffered major, and in many cases, total loss of possessions.

On their behalf, we thank you.

ALBERT ISEN, Chairman Torrance Branch, American Red Cross.

### Orchids and Brickbats

Editor, Torrance Herald: Just a note of commendation to our efficient city government. On Labor Day, I

pointed out that Torrance policeman a very bad chuck hole in the street over here in Hollywood Riviera and believe it or not in less than two hours the hole was filled in a nice workmanlike manner. Congratulations!

I wish I could say the same for that misguided soul who designed the entrance to the parking lot at Torrance Beach. Of all the nightmarish hot dog concessions is a sad commentary on "progress." What use to be a lovely "family beach" has been turned into a veritable Coney Island.

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## LAW IN ACTION

### WHAT AMENDMENT?

We look on the first ten amendments to the U.S. Constitution as our Bill of Rights. Do you know which one goes back to Magna Carta? Which protects us most from government oppression? And which has been most in the news lately?

1. That you cannot be tried for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless a grand jury made up of fellow citizens indicts or accuses you of the crime (except in time of war or great public danger when you are in the militia in actual service).  
2. That you cannot be subjected for the same offense to life and limb; (the courts cannot try you again and again for an offense of which you have once been found innocent—or guilty, for that matter).  
3. That your private property "shall not be taken for public use without just compensation." (This was an old

dodge of tyrants, to confiscate the property of their political foes.

4. That your life, liberty or property cannot be taken from you "without due process of law." You can have a fair trial, man, with all the trimmings—the right to a lawyer of your own choice, the right to an impartial judge and jury, the right to face and examine while your accusers, and the right to be protected by the rules of evidence—all this, and more.

5. That you shall not "be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against" yourself.

Yes, you guessed it: The Fifth Amendment. Our forefathers knew what was what when it came to tyranny.

NOTE: The State Bar of California offers this column for your information so that you may know more about how to act under our laws.